Por. Goe in *Nerrissa*.
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
no note at all of our being absent hence,
nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.
Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
vve are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.
Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
such as the day is when the sunne is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in absence of the sunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
but God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Bass. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
to whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
for as I heare, he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
it must appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.
Gra. By yonder moone I sweare you doe me wrong,
infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
vvould he were gelt that had it for my part,
since you doe take it (Loue) so much at hart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that she did giue me, whose posie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the posie or the valew?
You swore to me when I did giue you,

that

that you would weare it till your houre of death,
and that it should lie with you in your graue,
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
you should haue beene respectiue, and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke: no Gods my Iudge,
the Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.
Nerrissa. I, if a woman liue to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
no higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,
a prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my hart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plaine with you,
to part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
a thing stuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him sweare
neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him he would not leaue it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
you giue your wife too vnkind a cause of griefe,
and twere to me I should be mad at it.
Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
and sweare I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his ring away
vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeede
deseru'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
that tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
and neither man nor master would take ought
but the two rings.
Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receau'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por.